my beating heart wanting more

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by peacefrog

Summary

Instinct drew Will up the stairs and toward the soft glow spilling from the open bedroom door. The curtains were drawn and candles dotted every surface of the room. Hannibal lay face down in the center of the bed, naked from head-to-toe.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will's heart stuttered as he turned the key and the lock clicked open. Stepping into the foyer, Hannibal's home was cloaked in silent darkness.

I have a surprise for you, his text to Will had read. *I'd like you to come by as soon as your class is over. Please let yourself in when you arrive.*

Instinct drew Will up the stairs and toward the soft glow spilling from the open bedroom door. The curtains were drawn and candles dotted every surface of the room. Hannibal lay face down in the center of the bed, naked from head-to-toe.

Hannibal turned his face toward Will as he entered, silvered hair obscuring his eyes. "Come here," he said.

Will's feet carried him toward Hannibal's prone form before he even realized he was moving. He stared down at all that exposed skin, too uncertain to reach out and touch.

Hannibal grasped Will's hand and brought it to his lips. He sucked kisses against the tips of his fingers. "How was class?"

"Good..." Will swallowed around the words and the growing lump in his throat. "It was good."

"There's no need to be nervous," Hannibal assured him. "Will you join me?"

Near paralyzed with desire and something that resembled fear, Will struggled to lower himself to the bed. The mattress dipped beneath his weight and groaned as he knelt next to Hannibal. "Should I undress?"

"Not just yet." Hannibal arched his back and stretched his arms out above his head. Will could hear the blood rushing beneath his own skin. "I'd like you to straddle my thighs."

Warmth seeped through the denim of Will's jeans as he settled down against Hannibal's legs. His hands bunched into tight fists at his sides.

"Would you like to touch me?" Hannibal sounded just shy of begging. When Will tentatively pressed his palms against Hannibal's lower back he let out a deep groan. He was silent for a long, dragging moment before asking, finally, "Would you like to fuck me?"

Will knew what would be asked of him the moment he stepped through the door, but hearing the words spoken made his dick twitch between his legs and thicken so quickly it sent his head spinning. "Yes," he breathed out, shuddering. "Oh, *fuck*, Hannibal *yes*."

"Is it something you've thought about before this moment, Will? Have you fantasized about being inside me?"

Will's hands trailed down to skim across the swell of Hannibal's ass. "Maybe," he said. "I don't know. I like it when you're inside me so much I guess I never really thought about it being the other way around."

“But you’ll be a good boy and do exactly as I ask, won’t you?”

Will’s fingers dug into Hannibal’s flesh. He pulled them away and watched in awe as the white-hot imprints left there fleeted with his touch. “Yes.”

“Very good.” Hannibal’s thick voice rumbled over his shoulder. “I want you to open me up with your tongue.”

Will’s mouth flooded with unbridled hunger. The ache in his cock ran so deep he could feel it in his toes. “Just like this?”

“I can assume a different position if you’d prefer.”

Will’s mind raced with limitless possibilities. He could bend Hannibal over one of the chairs near the fireplace. He could build a fire and watch it bloom amber-gold against Hannibal’s naked skin. He could press Hannibal up against the wall and watch his hands scrabble against the smooth surface, desperately seeking something to hold onto. He could put him down on the floor and watch him fall apart against the hard stone below, knees red and raw with memories for days to come.

It was all too much, too fast. He found he couldn’t speak the words, wanting terribly to speak them all at once.

Hannibal sniffed out his indecision like a hound scents for blood. “Kneel on the bench at the end of the bed,” he said.

Will moved into position as Hannibal propped himself up on elbows and knees near the foot of the bed. His back arched and his ass jutted out. He spread his thighs wide enough for Will to see his hard cock leaking freely down against the bedding.

A sudden spark of doubt sizzled in Will’s gut. “What if I’m not good at it?”

“You’re going to be wonderful,” Hannibal said, voice muffled into the bed. “You are wonderful.”

Warmth dappled Will’s face as he gripped Hannibal’s cheeks and spread them apart. He pressed an open mouth kiss to the base of Hannibal’s spine. His skin smelled clean and freshly showered. Will’s breath caught in his lungs at the first tentative drag of his tongue across Hannibal’s hole.

“That’s beautiful,” Hannibal breathed, awestruck. “Again, my love.”

Light drags of the tip of Will’s tongue grew to ravenous lapping at Hannibal’s entrance in no time at all. The way Hannibal moaned and writhed and whispered praise was beyond intoxicating. Will could feel the ring of muscle begin to open up beneath the roll of his tongue. He sucked kisses against Hannibal’s rim as Hannibal’s back arched even further still, his body pressing into the heat pouring from Will’s mouth.

“Could you come like this?” Will pulled back, panting, the throb between his legs nearing unbearable, the strain against his zipper riding the line between pleasure and pain.

He knew the answer before Hannibal could squeeze the words out. “Yes,” he said, “I could. But I would prefer not to. Perhaps another time.”

Will dove back in and licked and sucked and rolled his tongue until Hannibal’s entrance began to open up to his intrusive mouth. The sounds that filled the room were obscene and flushed Will’s skin with fevered heat. Hannibal’s deep, rumbling moans. The wet flicker of Will’s prodding tongue. The fervent slurping of his eager lips. The little whimpers being pulled up from his own throat as the seconds dripped away.

“Now your fingers,” Hannibal said, equally commanding and begging. “There’s a bottle of lubrication next to me on the bed.”

Will popped the cap on the lube and drizzled it across Hannibal’s hole. He swirled two fingers against the slickness of his entrance and pressed in, fearing for a moment it was too much all at once, moaning in relief as Hannibal’s body opened to him with an easy glide. His fingers disappeared to the first knuckles and then the second.

“More,” Hannibal growled, fucking himself back onto Will’s fingers when he tried to retreat.

Will allowed his hand to be used, watched in fascination as Hannibal split himself open on the slick digits buried to the hilt. He couldn’t think, could barely breath, as he slid a third finger in and watched Hannibal’s body eagerly take it.

Will’s fingers slid suddenly free as Hannibal pulled away and maneuvered his body onto the center of the bed. “Come now, Will,” Hannibal purred, spreading his thighs wide and nuzzling into the sheets. “Give daddy your cock.”

Will had to bite his lips to keep from crying out. He unzipped his jeans with shaking hands and shoved them down around his thighs. He positioned himself behind Hannibal on the bed and slicked himself with lube. He gave himself one firm, lazy stroke, his cock head red and swollen as he dragged it across Hannibal’s slippery, open hole.

“*Fuck*,” Will squeezed his eyes shut and gripped Hannibal’s hips bruisingly tight as Hannibal pushed himself back onto Will’s cock. The heat of Hannibal’s body swallowed him whole. Will couldn’t bear to move for fear of coming that very second.

Hannibal took the reigns, spearing himself in two on Will’s throbbing cock. “Hands behind your back,” he said between gritted teeth. “Allow me to take what I need from you.”

Will nearly toppled over as he pulled his hands away, gripping his own wrists at the small of his back. He sobbed shamelessly as Hannibal continued to fuck himself at a relentless pace, the filthy sounds of slick, slapping skin echoing through the room.

“My darling boy,” Hannibal groaned, his body stilled. Will was buried so deep he could no longer discern where his own body began. “You feel so wonderful inside me. How do I feel wrapped around you?”

“Like fucking heaven,” Will sighed. His balls drew tight between his legs. “I’m so close, Hannibal.”

“Don’t hold back. Come for me. Let me feel it.”

Will allowed his hands to move back to Hannibal’s hips. They slipped and trembled against his skin. “I want you to come, too,” he said, finally beginning to thrust. “Come for me, daddy. Please.”

Hannibal keened, long and deep, the shared well of pleasure and agony spilling out into the air. A half dozen erratic snaps of his hips later and Will could feel himself crumbling apart. His orgasm washed over him in deep, pulsing waves that never seemed to end. He fell down against Hannibal’s back and sucked a bruise into the skin of his nape. His hips faltered and twitched, the swell of his release stretching on and on.

Through the ringing in his ears Will could hear Hannibal following him into the deep. His body wracked with sobs as he came, cock untouched, all over the mattress below. Their bodies drained and boneless, they collapsed into a heap of labored breaths and tangled limbs, melting and ebbing together.

I love you, Will’s hazy mind spit out. Had his lips been capable of moving, perhaps he would have said it. He nuzzled into Hannibal’s back, the undertow of contentment dragging him below.

Hannibal mumbled something about dinner. Will responded by pulling him near. In that moment, Will was certain, the warmth of their shared embrace was all the sustenance he would need to see him through.

End Notes

I had truly planned on the next part of this series being more plotty but, this absolutely demanded to be written after seeing some talk in fandom that there's not nearly enough fic with Will rimming Hannibal. I have to say I agree, and I vow to write lots more of it in the future.

There will be plotty things happening soon, I promise. <3

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